

N OLD OCEAN.

AMERICAN'S VOYAGE ACROSS THE BLUE ATLANTIC.

Incidents on the Steamer—The Incidents of the Deep and Novelties of Neptune's Domain.

STEAMSHIP EGYPT. Ocean, June 18th, 1883. I leave Fort Worth for New York to secure passage to Liverpool. My family and myself the first week in June." We New York on the seventh and my dispatch had been too long; consequently that our boat had not been secured. I sat in the round of steam ship at each one received the "full, sir! no chance for month." It wouldn't have many to get mad and "cut" I didn't do either. But I did then and there that if ever I from Texas to Liverpool again or any other sea port would be smart enough to go at least. In advance sending passage money the very day when I sail and the vessel on which to sail. At this season of everybody and his grand who can do so, is "running Europe, and to secure accommodations at all one in advance of starting.

I had about concluded that I was in New York for possibly a sealed down on Broadway at of the "American Exchange Bureau," where I made to Mr. C. A. Barrattone, manager. It happened also that there Dr. W. C. Boone, secretary of the American in Europe, and in charge New York office. He was just late war a resident of Austin, there he was a guest of his Gen. Jim. Majors, then a citizen. As soon as the doctor Barrattone ascertained my sit and learned of my anxiety to begin to "spread themselves" efforts to aid me, and it wasn't until they greeted me with the assurance that they had first-class state-rooms in this belonging to the National I had been secured for a family to sail for the old world; but my family and myself they just on the eve of the ship that they could not get off, just in time to profit by their As their dispatch announced disappointment was received the of the National line my friends, mentioned above, hand to secure their berths. I believe all of the vessels New York sail very early in time. To be on time then and the hurry and flurry incident to rising and an early break hotel and that necessarily in the way of getting to the and on board. I procured a after ten, (say 9 a.m.) we down to the pier on North river aboard, Friday night. I had that our baggage would go the custom house, but if there house officer in a hundred of the steamer I didn't

the time and you the space to be glad to describe some of attending the departure from New York. There mothers who had to see their young folks off, and children were there to wish and father a pleasant voyage. Friends were speak the kind "good-bye" to and then, too, there was the implement of idlers, who were because they had, perhaps, no interesting place to go. Nature was much of confusion, but when bell rang Saturday morning, there were hurried of hands, and passing of lips: "farewell!" and many of them we were "off" for those who have never before ocean voyage there is something of excitement inciting first trusting of one's self deep blue sea. There is also, surely, something more slight uneasiness. But few hours, one is sure to discover that this uneasiness has passed away, in its stead is a feeling of hardly ever realized on board coach. I have been myself in this feeling has day by day on me, and now write, sight of Queenstown, the rose old ocean almost con feel infinitely safer than I felt when rushing over land half descent speed. My family at they are not over brave, show this secure feeling with wonder that they ever so ocean voyage. The steamship is not a new vessel, but it by its work that it is a good 45 feet long, 35 feet wide of 5,661 tons, and has the Atlantic trade about six weeks. During all this time it under the command and commander J. Sumner, who says that he has never lost a had a serious accident. He is gallant, careful gentleman man, and it is never said if everything is not in apple-order. There bustle about him, and the discipline on ship-board is rigid as that in the marine everything is done quietly and next to nothing of confusion. The commander is king in unions, and even if they are said, it is well for these temporary in them that he is in his rule.

to express any dissatisfaction the general management, could be because of the English ways of every body with the ship. The NATIONAL LINE and controlled by Englishmen is officered by Englishmen and in its service down to the English. To an American, joined to English formalities not only tedious but often, and I have found myself than one occasion since I left England indulging a feeling of regret that American ships are of things of the past—future, and it some where that once American ships owned and by Americans, officered and by Americans, on which full American habits and were not only allowed, but encouraged. But that was in the days past and gone. Now, John is the sea in more ways than iron-clad rule it when there in the air, and when peace her benignant beams abroad, vessels showed themselves broad over every sea—and I wouldn't be understood as

wishing England anything of misfortune, but I, as an American citizen, do feel no little of regret and mortification that when I wish to leave my native shores even for a while, I must sail under the British flag or stay at home. The American line of steamships running between Philadelphia and Liverpool is, I understand, owned by Americans, but even their steamships are (or many of them) given British names. The glorious ensign of the United States of America may find a home among the western wilds, where bad Indians are to be fed and clothed, armed and watched but when it comes to floating over the sea, to the shame of our government, it is said, "hardly a float!" The American eagle may do his screaming on shore, but if he wants to air his tail he mustn't venture out of sight of land—for fear of the sea gulls. Poor old bird, the time was (so they say) when he was not less respected than admired, but now alas! there are none so poor as to do him homage on the bring sea.

The distance from New York to Liverpool by the outward track is 3,032 miles, and that by the homeward track (on which we are now sailing) is 3,180 miles. Take 240 miles off and you will have the distance from New York to Queenstown. At different seasons of the year the track and the distance vary, the lines down on the chart before me ranging from 3,082 miles to 3,225 miles. It used to be the thing to speak or sing of the "trackless ocean" but modern science has done away with many of the old time ideas and expressions, and among others the idea that the ocean is trackless, has gone a glimmering, like the baseless fabric of a dream. Now the track of the Egypt is as plainly defined on the ocean chart as is the line of the T. & P. R. R., and except in stormy weather it varies almost as little. To give your readers who have not crossed the ocean a full idea of life on ship-board would consume more of your space than you can doubtless spare, but at the risk of having this letter enunciating or even consigned to the waste-basket, I will venture to draw the picture mildly—in outline. After the first few hours immediately following our departure from New York, there was visible upon almost every face an expression that didn't betoken excess of pleasure. The sea was then, and has been, since unusually smooth, a foam capped billowing a novelty. But there was just enough of uneasiness depicted on the faces about me to remind me that some one said that those crossing the ocean for the first time are first distressed for fear they will die, and later for fear they will not die. Every year we read of some new and sure preventive against, or remedy for seasickness, but every one has doubtless failed in a large majority of cases. One may safely rely on it, that there is no infallible and cure-all. The malady, though, if incurable, and unavoidable, is never fatal, which is a consolation.

The first twenty-four hours developed the usual number of cases of seasickness, but in my family, of five persons, there was but one case, and that a brief one. I felt for about the seventh part of a week that it would be a relief if I could stand about ten minutes on the immovable part of some enduring mountain top. Standing room on a Texas prairie would not have answered my wants at all, since its very expansiveness would have been too suggestive of old ocean. But after that, I felt quite as comfortable as I could wish, and I appreciate fully his wish that I, as his representative, shall remember him as I pass in sight of her home.

The second day out I went on an exploring expedition through the vessel to see what I could see and hear what I could hear and learn what I could learn. I soon saw that my fellow-passengers, with a few exceptions were "blasted Britshers," homeward bound, after a brief sojourn in America. Most of them I learned were sporting characters, members of some of the various theatrical and variety companies that have been "doing" the United States during the past season. None of them are distinguished in the theatrical world I believe, and to judge of them as I have seen them on ship-board, I should say that few, if any of them, belonged to leading companies. I have per force seen a great deal of them during the past week, and I have no anxiety to see more of them. I have nothing to say of the women, but the men (or most of them) I should say, are representatives of the lower (or lowest) variety shows. One of Joe Jefferson's support is on board, and unlike most of the others is a quiet, unassuming gentleman. Of the non-professionals on board little need be said. Some of them are clever, genteel people, but most of them are "very loud," and evidently have little to recommend them but money. Children are born Democrats, as a rule, and it didn't take those on the Egypt long to know each other and all about each other. Within the first six hours out they were as thick as hops and were sufficiently intimate with each other to discuss the "meanness" which excluded them from the big folks' table and forced them to eat all by themselves. They breakfast at 7 a.m., have dinner at 12 m. and tea at 4 p.m. The fare on their table is not elaborate, but substantial, though they think it wretched and skimpy. The "big-folks'" breakfast at 8 a.m., have lunch at 12:30 p.m., dine at 5 p.m. The bill of fare is about the same from day to day and is both elaborate and English. The table waiters are very English, and at dinner there is all the tedious formality which make the English formal dinner so formidable to the average American. The waiters (or table stewards who are called) are precise, stiff, slow and not at all what I, or an American, would prefer. But my fellow-passengers, as a rule, look upon all that I particularly dislike as especially deserving of approval. I suppose in time I will learn to tolerate and perhaps even like English ways, but as yet—quon sibi. In this connection I may be permitted to remark that in one important particular English servants, as seen on this ship, are admirable. They thoroughly know their places and never presume. They are the most obedient and respectful of all the servants I have ever seen, and an American lady on board who knows them says that this peculiarity is noticeable wherever they are found. Yesterday I heard the head steward reprimand a table steward because of some slight neglect of duty. I never heard a slave owner so grossly abuse a negro slave in ante-bellum times. Did the inferior resent the treatment? On the contrary he had an expression that looked to say he felt it quite an honor to be allowed the privilege of being "cussed" black and blue by so important an personage as the head steward of so great a ship as the Egypt.

Of course life on ship-board becomes monotonous and tiresome. But there are more ways to kill time than those in the air, and when peace her benignant beams abroad, vessels showed themselves broad over every sea—and I wouldn't be understood as

wishing England anything of misfortune, but I, as an American citizen, do feel no little of regret and mortification that when I wish to leave my native shores even for a while, I must sail under the British flag or stay at home. The American line of steamships running between Philadelphia and Liverpool is, I understand, owned by Americans, but even their steamships are (or many of them) given British names. The glorious ensign of the United States of America may find a home among the western wilds, where bad Indians are to be fed and clothed, armed and watched but when it comes to floating over the sea, to the shame of our government, it is said, "hardly a float!" The American eagle may do his screaming on shore, but if he wants to air his tail he mustn't venture out of sight of land—for fear of the sea gulls. Poor old bird, the time was (so they say) when he was not less respected than admired, but now alas! there are none so poor as to do him homage on the bring sea.

The distance from New York to Liverpool by the outward track is 3,032 miles, and that by the homeward track (on which we are now sailing) is 3,180 miles. Take 240 miles off and you will have the distance from New York to Queenstown. At different seasons of the year the track and the distance vary, the lines down on the chart before me ranging from 3,082 miles to 3,225 miles. It used to be the thing to speak or sing of the "trackless ocean" but modern science has done away with many of the old time ideas and expressions, and among others the idea that the ocean is trackless, has gone a glimmering, like the baseless fabric of a dream. Now the track of the Egypt is as plainly defined on the ocean chart as is the line of the T. & P. R. R., and except in stormy weather it varies almost as little. To give your readers who have not crossed the ocean a full idea of life on ship-board would consume more of your space than you can doubtless spare, but at the risk of having this letter enunciating or even consigned to the waste-basket, I will venture to draw the picture mildly—in outline. After the first few hours immediately following our departure from New York, there was visible upon almost every face an expression that didn't betoken excess of pleasure. The sea was then, and has been, since unusually smooth, a foam capped billowing a novelty. But there was just enough of uneasiness depicted on the faces about me to remind me that some one said that those crossing the ocean for the first time are first distressed for fear they will die, and later for fear they will not die. Every year we read of some new and sure preventive against, or remedy for seasickness, but every one has doubtless failed in a large majority of cases. One may safely rely on it, that there is no infallible and cure-all. The malady, though, if incurable, and unavoidable, is never fatal, which is a consolation.

The first twenty-four hours developed the usual number of cases of seasickness, but in my family, of five persons, there was but one case, and that a brief one. I felt for about the seventh part of a week that it would be a relief if I could stand about ten minutes on the immovable part of some enduring mountain top. Standing room on a Texas prairie would not have answered my wants at all, since its very expansiveness would have been too suggestive of old ocean. But after that, I felt quite as comfortable as I could wish, and I appreciate fully his wish that I, as his representative, shall remember him as I pass in sight of her home.

The second day out I went on an exploring expedition through the vessel to see what I could see and hear what I could hear and learn what I could learn. I soon saw that my fellow-passengers, with a few exceptions were "blasted Britshers," homeward bound, after a brief sojourn in America. Most of them I learned were sporting characters, members of some of the various theatrical and variety companies that have been "doing" the United States during the past season. None of them are distinguished in the theatrical world I believe, and to judge of them as I have seen them on ship-board, I should say that few, if any of them, belonged to leading companies. I have per force seen a great deal of them during the past week, and I have no anxiety to see more of them. I have nothing to say of the women, but the men (or most of them) I should say, are representatives of the lower (or lowest) variety shows. One of Joe Jefferson's support is on board, and unlike most of the others is a quiet, unassuming gentleman. Of the non-professionals on board little need be said. Some of them are clever, genteel people, but most of them are "very loud," and evidently have little to recommend them but money. Children are born Democrats, as a rule, and it didn't take those on the Egypt long to know each other and all about each other. Within the first six hours out they were as thick as hops and were sufficiently intimate with each other to discuss the "meanness" which excluded them from the big folks' table and forced them to eat all by themselves. They breakfast at 7 a.m., have dinner at 12 m. and tea at 4 p.m. The fare on their table is not elaborate, but substantial, though they think it wretched and skimpy. The "big-folks'" breakfast at 8 a.m., have lunch at 12:30 p.m., dine at 5 p.m. The bill of fare is about the same from day to day and is both elaborate and English. The table waiters are very English, and at dinner there is all the tedious formality which make the English formal dinner so formidable to the average American. The waiters (or table stewards who are called) are precise, stiff, slow and not at all what I, or an American, would prefer. But my fellow-passengers, as a rule, look upon all that I particularly dislike as especially deserving of approval. I suppose in time I will learn to tolerate and perhaps even like English ways, but as yet—quon sibi.

In this connection I may be permitted to remark that in one important particular English servants, as seen on this ship, are admirable. They thoroughly know their places and never presume. They are the most obedient and respectful of all the servants I have ever seen, and an American lady on board who knows them says that this peculiarity is noticeable wherever they are found. Yesterday I heard the head steward reprimand a table steward because of some slight neglect of duty. I never heard a slave owner so grossly abuse a negro slave in ante-bellum times. Did the inferior resent the treatment? On the contrary he had an expression that looked to say he felt it quite an honor to be allowed the privilege of being "cussed" black and blue by so important an personage as the head steward of so great a ship as the Egypt.

Of course life on ship-board becomes monotonous and tiresome. But there are more ways to kill time than those in the air, and when peace her benignant beams abroad, vessels showed themselves broad over every sea—and I wouldn't be understood as

Something to Make Us Pause and Think.

Philadelphia is horrified at the discovery of the skeletons of babies (no body knows how many babies—the coroner grimly hints at hundreds) in the cellar of an old man over 80 years of age, who for the greater part of his life has been known as a mal-practitioner of the worst repute. The whole case is ghastly and brutal beyond words; we have the doting old man jabbering behind his cell door; his reputed wife and son eager to convict him and to be first with their terrible testimony, and the zeal of reporters and detectives to unearth and expose the women who have been his victims during forty years.

It really matters very little what becomes of Hathaway. His work in the world is done. But the deeper horror which lies below is, that this man was only an agent to meet an already existing and urgent demand. The thing is always ready when the thing is needed. The fact that he was needed by hundreds of young mothers, both single women and wives, to murder their children, is the fact which should give us pause. Public reprobation falls heavily on Hathaway, but nothing is said of these young girls or the men who had driven them in their despair to murder, to save themselves from shame. We hear nothing, either, of the state of society among us; the extravagant habits among the very poor, which make a married mother prefer to see her babe strangled under her eyes rather than undertake the expense of raising it.

Here is a matter of consideration, not only for clergymen, wives and mothers, but for men. We are all in the habit of remitting such moral questions to the attention of the church. It is men of the world that they concern. They have their code of honesty and justice—not a bad code, either. How do these skeletons and the story they tell comport with that code?

PROFESSIONAL.

W. W. ROUTH,
Homeopathic Physician,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

OFFICE—No. 13 Main Street, Residence, N. W. Colburn and Third Streets, 5-251.

HECK & BAKER,
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

Will furnish estimates of cost on all kind of buildings, shelving, counters, etc.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

W. H. COWAN, J. V. POSEY

COWAN & POSEY,

Attorneys at Law, Notaries Public

and General Real Estate Brokers,

SEBTWATER, NOLAN COUNTY, TEXAS,

Agents for Texan National Bank, Spanish

Attention to collections. References: First

National Bank, Weatherford; Hon. T. B.

Wheeler, Judge 12th Judicial District, Breck-

ing, Tex.; Judge J. H. Flemming, Cisco,

Texas.

DR. A. J. LAWRENCE.

DENTIST,

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

OFFICE—In Seaton Building, over Wm

Brown's Grocery Store, 12-231.

C. H. REMINGTON,

Contractor and Builder

Plans, specifications and estimates

furnished on application.

Office and Shop on Houston be-

tween Fifth and Sixth Streets,

P. O. box 242.

N. WALLERICH,

DENTIST,

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

OFFICE—No. 13 Main Street, Up Stairs.

USES NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

H. B. CLARK,

W. H. SMALLWOOD

CLARK & SMALLWOOD,

Attorneys-at-Law and Real

ESTATE AGENTS.

COLORADO CITY, TEXAS

References: Ex-Gov. Jas. D. Porter, Nash-

ville, Tenn.; Hon. J. D. C. Atkins, Paris,

Tenn.

"Hackmack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents

Sold by L. N. Brunswig & Co.

The "Three Jackasses." When shall we meet again.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint,

you have a printed guarantee on every

bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never

fails to cure. Sold by L. N. Brunswig & Co.

To Capitalists.

THE IMAGE OF FORCE.

Frenchman's Vivid Impression at the

Coronation of the Czar.

Albert Wolff in the Paris Figaro.]

The emperor stands up